

THE ARKHAM COLLECTOR



Number Three :: Summer, 1968 :: .50c the copy

ARKHAM HOUSE VS. MYCROFT & MORAN. For some years we have neglected our Mycroft & Moran imprint, despite the fact that some manuscripts have waited to be published under this imprint for longer than any manuscript ought to be held. Now that Arkham House has published Arthur Machen's *The Green Round*, the second volume of Lovecraft's *Selected Letters*, and Nelson Bond's collection, *Nightmares and Daydreams*, we are bringing out several books under our Mycroft & Moran imprint, which most Arkham House collectors wisely add to their shelves. Of these coming books, one had waited twenty-five years for publication, another twenty. For the next twelve months, the Arkham House program will be substantially as follows —

A PRAED STREET DOSSIER, by August Derleth,
\$3.00 — June, 1968. (M&M)

THE EXPLOITS OF THE CHEVALIER DUPIN,
by Michael Harrison, \$3.50 — August, 1968
(M&M)

WISCONSIN MURDERS, by August Derleth, \$4.00
— October, 1968 (M&M)

MR. FAIRLIE'S FINAL JOURNEY, by August
Derleth, \$3.50 — December, 1968. (M&M)

Copyright 1968, by August Derleth.

TALES OF THE CTHULHU MYTHOS, by H. P. Lovecraft & Others, \$6.50 — March, 1969. (Arkham House)

No. 7, QUEER STREET, by Margery Lawrence, \$4.00. — May, 1969 (M&M)

OTHER DIMENSIONS, by Clark Ashton Smith, \$6.50 — June, 1969. (Arkham House).

That list disposes of all the Mycroft & Moran manuscripts waiting to be published save one by M. P. Shiel. Later in 1969 we hope to publish these books, all under the imprint of Arkham House —

COLOSSUS, by Donald Wandrei

THE RIM OF THE UNKNOWN, by Frank Belknap Long

THE FOLSOM FLINT AND OTHER CURIOUS TALES, by David H. Keller

THIRTY YEARS OF ARKHAM HOUSE

† † †

BACK TO PRAED STREET. The limited edition of *Praed Street Papers*, published in 1965 by Candlelight Press, has continued in such demand, despite being out of print, that August Derleth has now revised perhaps 25% of the material from that chapbook, and has added enough new material to make of *A Praed Street Dossier* an almost entirely new work. Out have gone Peter Ruber's lively introduction to the earlier volume and also Frank Utpatel's comic-strip versions of two Pontine pastiches. The new material includes a major expansion of *From the Notebooks of Dr. Lyndon Parker*, to the extent of an entirely new if minor tale, *The Adventure of the Bookseller's Clerk*, plus the first hardback publication of the two off-trail Solar Pons tales written in collaboration with Mack Reynolds — *The Adventure of the Snitch in Time* and *The Adventure of the*

Ball of Nostradamus. The jacket is by Frank Utpatel. Publication is in June, 1968, at \$3.00.

† † †

OF MILES PENNOYER. Effective psychic sleuths do not form a very numerous company, but Margery Lawrence's Dr. Miles Pennoyer is certainly among them. Dr. Pennoyer has "given years of his life in curing maladies of the soul," according to the announcement of this volume when it was published in London in 1945, and his special occult powers have been set down in a number of his adventures by his companion and friend, Jerome Latimer. Under our Mycroft & Moran imprint, Arkham House has brought readers the cases of William Hope Hodgson's Carnacki and of Seabury Quinn's Jules de Grandin; now we offer Miss Lawrence's *Number Seven*, *Queer Street* — five adventures of Dr. Miles Pennoyer for the first time in an American edition. The stories are: *The Case of the Bronze Door* / *The Case of the Haunted Cathedral* / *The Case of Ella McLeod* / *The Case of the White Snake* / and *The Case of the Moon-child*.

Margery Lawrence is a prolific and popular author in Great Britain, though she has been sparingly published in the United States. Her work is not limited to the domain of the supernatural, but in this genre she has written *Nights of the Round Table*, *Snapdragon*, *The Terraces of Night*, *The Floating Cafe*, *Strange Caravan*, *Master of Shadows*, etc. *Number Seven*, *Queer Street* will be published in May, 1969, at \$4.00, unless circumstances permit its being moved up on the schedule to an earlier date.

† † †

TALES OF THE CTHULHU MYTHOS. This collection of 18 stories by eleven authors is a book of the best tales in the Cthulhu Mythos by writers other than H. P. Lovecraft, though two Lovecraft tales have been reprinted

here — *The Call of Cthulhu*, in which Cthulhu made his bow, and *The Hunter of the Dark*, as part of a trilogy of which Robert Bloch wrote the other tales. These stories all owe their existence to the creative inventiveness of H. P. Lovecraft, and for that reason the collection bears his by-line. They were written during the past forty years or more. Of the stories here assembled by August Derleth, who writes an introductory essay about the Cthulhu Mythos, five have never been published in any form before. Apart from the two by Lovecraft, the tales are as follows —

The Return of the Sorcerer, by Clark Ashton Smith

Ubbo-Sathla, by Clark Ashton Smith

The Black Stone, by Robert E. Howard

The Hounds of Tindalos, by Frank Belknap Long

The Space-Eaters, by Frank Belknap Long

The Dweller in Darkness, by August Derleth

Beyond the Threshold, by August Derleth

The Shambler from the Stars, by Robert Bloch

The Shadow from the Steeple, by Robert Bloch

Notebook Found in a Deserted House, by Robert Bloch

The Salem Horror, by Henry Kuttner

The Hunter of the Graveyard, by J. Vernon Shea

Cold Print, by J. Ramsey Campbell

The Sister City, by Brian Lumley

Cement Surroundings, by Brian Lumley

The Deep Ones, by James Wade

Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos will be uniform in format with *The Dunwich Horror and Others*. The jacket is by Lee Brown Coye. We expect to publish it in March, 1969, at \$6.50 the copy.

† † †

POE

He walked with demons, ghouls, and things
 Unsightly . . . terrors and despairs,
 And ever in the blackened airs
 A dismal raven flapt its wings.

He wasted richest gifts of God.
 But here's the limit of his woes —
 Sleep rest him! See, above him grows
 The very grass whereon he trod.

Behold! within this narrow grave
 Is shut the mortal part of him.
 Behold! he could not wholly dim
 The gracious genius Heaven gave —

For strains of music here and there,
 Weird murmurings, vague, prophetic tones,
 Are blown across the silent zones
 Forever in the midnight air.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1907)

† † †

THE LEMURIENNE

From dawn to dawn your eyes of graven spar
 Forever change, with chill forgotten runes;
 But all the while your spirit lies afar,
 A sphinx that peers on lost Lemuric moons.

— Clark Ashton Smith

† † †

OF BRIAN LUMLEY. Manuscripts from beginners at writing come in to Arkham House with fair regularity, and

in particularly from young Lovecraftians who want to write in the vein of the Cthulhu Mythos. Needless to say, most of them are not successful, though we encourage wherever we can and whenever there is justification for encouragement. The Mythos is more challenging than most writers would believe. But from time to time we chance upon a writer who shows far more than ordinary promise. Such a writer was John Ramsey Campbell, who has grown consistently from his first stories. Brian Lumley is another.

Mr. Lumley is a Sergeant in the British Military Police in Germany, where he lives with his wife and daughter. Arkham House hopes to publish his first collection, *The Caller of the Black*, in 1970, if not sooner. In the meantime, we present here a short story that took its inception in H. P. Lovecraft's horror of the sea and of sea-food.

THE CYPRUS SHELL

by Brian Lumley

The Oaks, Innsway
Redcar, Yorks.
June 5, 1962

Col. (Retd) George L. Glee, M.B.E., D.S.O.
11 Tunstall Court
West H. Pool, Co. Durham

My dear George,

I must extend to you my sincerest apologies for the inexcusable way I took myself and Alice out of your excellent company on Saturday evening last. Alice has remarked upon my facial *expressions*, my absolute lack of manners, and the uncouth way in which, it must have appeared, I dragged her from your marvellous table; and all, alas, un-

der the gaze of so many of our former military associates. I can only hope that our long friendship — and the fact that you know me as well as you do — has given you some insight that it was only a matter of extreme urgency which could have driven me from your house in such an extraordinary manner.

I imagine all of you were astonished at my exit. Alice was flabbergasted and would not speak to me until I gave her a solid reason for what she took to be lunatic behaviour.

Well, to cut things short, I told her the tale which I am about to tell you. She was satisfied as to the validity of the reasons for my seemingly unreasonable actions and I am sure that you will feel the same.

It was the oysters, of course. I have no doubt that their preparation was immaculate and that they were delicious — for everyone, that is, except myself. The truth is *I cannot* abide sea-food, especially shell-fish. Surely you remember the way I used to be over crabs and lobsters? That time in Goole when I ate two whole plates of fresh mussels all to myself? I loved the things. Ugh! The thought of it . . .

Two years ago in Cyprus something happened which put an end to my appetite for that sort of thing. But before I go on let me ask you to do something. Get out your Bible and look up Leviticus 11: 10, 11. No, I have not become a religious maniac. It's just that since that occurrence of two years ago I have taken a deep interest, a morbid interest I hasten to add, in this subject and all connected with it.

If, after reading my story, you should find your curiosity tickled, there are numerous books on the subject which you might like to look up — though I doubt whether you'll find many of them at your local library. Anyway, here is a list of four such books: Gantley's *Hydrophinnæ*, Gaston Le Fe's *Dwellers in the Depths*, the German *Unter-*

zee Kulten and the monstrous *Cthaat Aquadingen* by an unknown author. All contain tid-bits of an almost equally nauseating nature to the tale which I must relate in order to excuse myself.

I have said it was in Cyprus. At the time I was the officer in command of a small unit in Kyrea, between Cephos and Kyrenia on the coast, overlooking the Mediterranean, that most beautiful of all oceans. In my Company was a young corporal, Jobling by name, who fancied himself something of a conchologist and spent all his off-duty hours with flippers and mask snorkelling off the rocks to the south of Kyrea. I say he fancied himself, yet in fact his collection *was* quite wonderful; for he had served in most parts of the world and had looted many oceans.

Beneath glass in his billet — in beautifully made “natural” settings, all produced by his own hands — he had such varied and fascinating shells as the African *Pecten irradian*, the unicorn-born *Murex monodon* and *Ianthina violacea* from Australia, the weird *Melongena corona* from the Gulf of Mexico, the fan-shaped *Renella perca* of Japan and many hundreds of others too numerous to mention here. Inevitably my weekly tour inspection ended in Jobling’s billet where I would move among his show-cases marvelling at the intricacies of nature’s art.

While Jobling’s hobby occupied all his off-duty hours it in no way interfered with his work within the unit; he was a conscientious, hard-working N.C.O. I first noticed the *change* in him when his work began to fall off and had had it in mind for over a week to reprimand him for his slackness when he had the first of those attacks which eventually culminated so horribly.

He was found one morning, after first parade, curled on his bed in the most curious manner, with his legs drawn up and his arms curled about himself — almost in a foetal

position. The M.O. was called but, despite treatment, Jobling remained in his inexplicable condition for over an hour; at the end of which time he suddenly "came to" and began acting quite normally, seemingly unable to remember anything that had happened. I was obliged to relieve the man of all duties for a period of one week and he was obviously amazed at this, swearing he was fit as a fiddle and blaming his lapse on an over-dose of Cyprus sun. I checked this with the M.O. who assured me that Jobling's condition had in no way corresponded to a stroke but had been, in fact, closely related to a trauma, as though the result of some deep, psychological shock . . .

The day after he returned to duties Jobling suffered the second of his withdrawals.

This second attack took exactly the same form as the first except that it lasted somewhat longer. Also, on this occasion, he was found to be clutching in his hand a book of notes relating to his shell collection. I took possession of these notes and while Jobling, still dazed, was taken off to the military hospital for an examination, I read them through in the hope of finding something which might give me some indication as to the reason for his strange affliction. I had a hunch that his hobby had much to do with his condition; though just why the collection and study of shells should have such a drastic effect upon anyone was beyond even guessing.

The first two-dozen pages or so of Jobling's book were filled with observations on locations where certain species of sea-snail could be found. For instance: "*Pecten irradian* — small — in rock-basins ten to fifteen feet deep." Etc., etc. . . . This section was followed by a dozen pages or so of small drawings, immaculately done, and descriptions of rarer specimens. Two more pages were devoted to a map of the Kyrea coast-line with shaded areas showing

those locations which the collector had already explored and arrowed sections showing places still to be visited. One such section was a point of rock which for some unknown reason Jobling had ringed in red ink. Then, on turning the page, I found a beautifully executed large drawing of a shell, the like of which, despite my frequent studies of the man's show-cases, I had never seen before and which I have only seen once since.

How to describe it? Beneath the drawing was a scale, in inches, drawn in to show the shell's size and I made it to be about six inches long. Its basic shape was a slender spiral but all the way round that spiral, along the complete track from mouth to tail, were sharp spikes about two inches long at their longest and about one inch at the pointed end. They were obviously a means of defence against oceanic predators. Unlike the other sketches Jobling had coloured this drawing and the mouth of the thing showed a shiny-black operculum with a row of tiny eyes at the edges, like those of the scallop, and was a bright shade of pink. The main body of the shell and the spikes were sand-coloured. If my powers of description were better I might be able to convey something of just how repulsive the thing looked. Instead it must suffice to say that it was not a shell which I would be happy to pick off a beach; and not just because of those spikes! There was something nastily fascinating about the *shape* of the shell and something else about the *eyes* of the thing inside it which, taking into consideration the technical accuracy of the drawings, was not merely the result of a quirk of the artist . . .

The next few pages consisted of a set of connected notes and as best I can remember they went like this:

Jobling's *Murex hypnotica*?

Rare? *Unknown*?

August 2nd . . . Found shell, with snail intact, off point

of rocks (marked in red on sketch-map) in about twenty feet of water. The shell was on sand in natural rock-basin. Pretty sure thing is very rare — probably new species. Snail has eyes on edge of mantle. Did not take shell. Anchored it to rock with nylon-line from spear-gun. Want to study creature in natural surroundings before taking it.

August 3rd . . . Shell still anchored. Saw most peculiar thing. Small fish, inch long, swam up to shell, probably attracted by bright pink of mouth. Eyes of snail waved rhythmically for a few seconds. Operculum opened. *Fish swam into shell and operculum snapped shut.* Have named shell well. First funny fascination I felt when I found shell is obviously felt to greater extent by fish. Thing seems to use hypnosis on fish in same way octopus uses it to trap crabs.

August 4th . . . Cannot visit shell today — duty. Had funny dream last night. I was in a shell on bottom of sea. Saw *myself* swimming down. Hated the swimmer and saw him as being to blame for restricting my movements. *I was the snail!* When the swimmer, myself, was gone I sawed at nylon line with my operculum but could not break it. Woke up. Unpleasant.

August 5th . . . Duty.

August 6th . . . Visited shell again. Line near shell slightly frayed. Eyes waved at me. Felt dizzy. Stayed down too long. Came back to camp. Dizzy all day.

August 7th . . . Dreamed of being snail again. Hated swimmer, myself, and tried to get *into* his mind — like I do with fish. Woke up. Awful.

There was a large gap in dates here and, looking back, I realized that this was the period which Jobling had spent in the hopsital. In fact he had gone into the hopsital the day after that last entry had been made, on the eighth of the month. The next entry went something like this:

August 15th . . . Did not expect shell to be there after

all this time but it was. Line much frayed but not broken. Went down five or six times but started to get horribly dizzy. Snail writhed its eyes at me frantically! *Felt that awful dream coming on in water!* Had to get out of sea. Believe the damn thing tried to hypnotize me like it does with fish.

August 16th . . . Horrible dream. Have just woke up and must write it down now. *I was the snail again!* I've had enough. Will collect shell today. This dizzy feeling . . .

That was all. The last entry had obviously been made that very day, just before Jobling's new attack. I had just finished reading the notes and was sitting there bewildered when my telephone rang. It was the M. O. All hell was on at the hospital. Jobling had tried to break loose, tried to get out of the hospital. I took my car straight round there and that was where the horror really started.

I was met by an orderly at the main entrance and escorted up to one of the wards. The M. O. and three male-nurses were in a ward-room waiting for me.

Jobling was curled up on a bed in that weird foetal position — *or was it a foetal position?* What did he remind me of? Suddenly I noticed something which broke my train of thought, causing me to gasp and look closer. Froth was drying on the man's mouth, his teeth were bared and his eyes bulged horribly. But there was no movement in him at all! *He was stone dead!*

"How on earth . . . ?" I gasped. "What happened?" The M. O. gripped my arm. His eyes were wide and unbelieving. For the first time I noticed that one of the male-nurses appeared to be in a state of shock. In a dry, cracked voice the M. O. started to speak.

"It was horrible. I've never known anything like it. He just seemed to go wild. Began frothing at the mouth and tried to get out of the place. He made it down to the main

doors before we caught him. We had to *carry* him up the stairs and he kept straining towards the windows in the direction of the sea. When we got him back here he suddenly coiled up — just like that!" He pointed to the still figure on the bed. "And then he squirmed — that's the only way I can describe how he moved — he *squirmed* off the bed and quick as a flash he was in the steel locker there and had pulled the door shut behind him. God only knows why he went in there!" In one corner of the room stood the locker. One of its two doors was hanging by a wrenched hinge — torn almost completely off. "When we tried to get him out he fought like hell. But not like a *man* would fight! He *butted* with his head, with a funny *sawing* motion, and bit and spat — and all the time he stayed in that awful position, even when he was fighting. By the time we got him to the bed again he was dead. I . . . I think he died of fright."

By now that hideous train of thought, broken before by the horror of Jobling's condition, had started up once more in my mind and I began to trace an impossible chain of events. But no! It was too monstrous to even think of — too *fantastic* . . . And then, on top of my terrible thoughts, came those words from the mouth of one of the nurses which caused me to pitch over suddenly into the darkness of a swoon.

I know you will find it difficult to believe, George, when I tell you what those words were. It seems ridiculous that such a simple statement could have so deep an effect upon anyone. Nonetheless I *did* faint; for I saw the sudden connection, the piece in the puzzle which brought the whole picture into clear, horrific perspective . . . The nurse said:

"Getting him out of the locker was the worst, Sir. *It was like trying to get a wrinkle out of its shell without a pin . . .*"

When I came to, despite the M.O.'s warning, I went

to the mess and got my own swimming kit out of my room. I took Jobling's notebook with me and drove to the point of rock marked in red on his map. It was not difficult to find the place and I remember thinking how Jobling might have made an excellent cartographer.

I parked my car and donned my mask and flippers. In no time at all I was swimming straight out in the shallows over a few jagged outcrops of rock and patches of sand. I idled in about ten feet of water for a few seconds to watch a heap of crabs — *literally* a heap of crabs — fighting over a dead fish. The carcass was completely covered by the vicious things — it's amazing how quickly they're attracted by carrion — but occasionally, as the fight raged, I caught a glimpse of silver scales and red, torn flesh. I was not there to study the feeding habits of crabs, however, and I soon pressed on.

I found the rock-basin almost immediately and the shell was easy to locate. It was lying about twenty feet deep and I could see that the nylon line was still attached. But for some reason the water down there was not as clear as it should have been. I felt a sudden, icy foreboding — a fearful nameless premonition. Still, I was there to look at that shell — to prove to myself that what I had conjured up in my mind was pure over-imagination and nothing more — and that was still my prime purpose despite my inexplicable and outre prescience.

I turned on end, pointing my feet at the blue sky and my head towards the bottom, and slid soundlessly beneath the surface. I spiralled down to the shell, noting that it was exactly as Jobling had drawn it, and carefully, shudderingly, took it by one of those spikes and turned it over so I could see the pink mouth.

The shell was *empty*!

But this, if my crazy theory was correct, was just what

I should have expected; nonetheless I jerked away from the thing as though it had suddenly become a conger eel. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the *reason* for the murkiness of the water. A second heap of crabs was sending up small clouds of sand and sepia from some dead fish or mollusk which they were tearing at in that dreadful, frantic lust of theirs.

Sepia! In abrupt horror I recoiled my own thoughts. Great God in heaven! *Sepia!*

I wrenched off a flipper and batted the horrid, scrambling things away from their prey — *and wished immediately that I had not done so*. For sepia is the blood, or juice, of cuttlefish *and certain species of mollusk and sea-snail*.

The thing was still alive. Its mantle waved feebly and those eyes which remained saw me. Even as the ultimate horror occurred I remember I suddenly knew for certain that my guess had been correct. For the thing was not *coiled* like a sea-snail should be — *and what sea-snail would ever leave its shell?*

I have said it saw me! George, I swear on the Holy Bible that the creature *recognized* me and, as the crabs surged forward again to the unholy feast, it tried to *walk* towards me.

Snails should not walk, George, and men should not squirm.

Hypnotism is a funny thing. We barely understand the *human* form of the force let alone the strange strains used by lesser life-forms.

What more can I say? Let me just repeat that I hope you accept my apologies for my behaviour the other night. It was the oysters, of course. Not that I have any doubt that their preparation was immaculate or that they were delicious — to any *untainted* palate, that is. But I? Why! I

could no more eat an oyster than I could a corporal.

Sincerely,

Maj. Harry Winslow

† † †

EDITH MINITER

Born on Wilbraham Mountain, Massachusetts, May 5, 1869.

Died at North Wilbraham, Massachusetts, June 8, 1934.

Through her the hills their age-long memories told;
 Their centuried heritage unmixed she bore;
 And now those rock-strown slopes at last enfold
 Her kindred dust — a child come home once
 more.

She knew the lore of distant, crowded ways;
 The sights and language of the market-place;
 But deep within, there flowed through all her days
 The currents of New England's changeless race.

No lyric lay of golden dreams was hers;
 She held a mirror to the world she saw,
 Vain hopes she left to fools and flatterers,
 Content with what a truthful pen could draw.

Others might sing of heroes, pomps and powers —
 For her the quiet substance of the age,
 She caught the faint, dull tones of common hours
 Till living figures thronged each vital page.

Mankind she studied with a searching sight;
 Folly she pictured with a smiling mind;
 Whilst over all she felt the hovering light

Of brooding years and what they leave behind.

Always she dwelt amidst the ancient things;
 The household relique and the crumbling tome;
 Her ears could catch the beat of hidden wings
 By moss-grown grave, and lonely hillside home.
 Wit, learning, art, were hers in amplitude,
 And kindliness that helped the loyal friend,
 And charm and skill that fostered and renewed
 Parnassian dreams in others without end.

Merged with the meadows where her fathers sleep,
 The weary clay has come into its own;
 The mind, too keen for any tomb to keep,
 Lives in the fruits and memories it has sown.

Providence, R.I.
 September 10, 1934

— H. P. Lovecraft

† † †

ATLAS IN A FOURTH AVENUE BAR

He staggered in with half of Africa
 Balanced in one huge hand; the thing was turning
 And scrambling Europe and America
 In a souffle, and Asia was churning.
 Atlas revolved upon another axis,
 His sea legs shuffling with the practiced fear
 Of balancing one storm in prophylaxis
 Against another: he called aloud for beer.

Arthritic, cross-eyed, shoulder-blade askew,
 He brooded as he drank stein after stein.
 "Zeus take this job! It's all a god can do

To hold the thing, and with a back like mine
 I'm scared I'll let it topple from the skies
 Or shift its poles and go into a spin."
 Two tears rolled from the corners of his eyes
 And joined the foam that dribbled down his chin.

"No sick leave, no time off, no sleep of nights,
 Juggling like mad to hold the thing in place,
 Dodging the UFO's and satellites —
 Nothing's so crowded now as outer space —
 And then the beeping signals that they make
 From earthly, solar, or translunar track
 Are worse than storms to keep a chap awake.
 There goes another: oh, my aching back!

"Once I could set it on magnetic power
 And let it spin a century or so,
 But now the thing needs watching every hour.
 No, not another stein. I've got to go."
 Hoisting his burden gently in one hand
 And balancing his alcohol and doubt,
 He waltzed a step to see if he could stand,
 And the world wobbled as he staggered out.

— Arthur M. Sampley

† † †

REVELATION

Out of the darkness, with the Book of Thoth,
 I called it forth, but on that final day,
 When I, in blindness, opened up the way
 I could not know that from the swirling froth
 Of bestial, raging ages I would bring
 That to which Being's touch should never cling.

I dared not look at what the words would call,
 But turned away as from my lips the last
 Of those unholy syllables was cast,
 And then — I saw the shadow on the wall.
 And of my reason, that which had remained
 Departed, at last, blasted and profaned.

— Jack Hajdu

† † †

"THE SHUTTERED ROOM" ON FILM. First reviews of *The Shuttered Room* released by Warner in England bear out August Derleth's lack of optimism about the film. Philip French, writing in the distinguished London *Observer* last June 11, had this to say: "*The Shuttered Room* is a would-be horror movie. Unfortunately the splendid pre-credit promise of *frisson* tonight is never fulfilled. This is partly due to an inept script and partly to pretending that a rather typical corner of old England is really a Gothic backwater of New England. Carol Lynley shudders for all she's worth at the prospect of being threatened during the day by the neighborhood rapist and at night by the maniac chained in the attic.

"The film's attraction is Flora Robson's whole-hearted impersonation of the Charles Addams grandmother. She is foreboding personified and one can readily sympathize with her exasperation when she tells the bland hero: 'From the moment I met you I knew you were a difficult man to convince.' " — And so, we rather think, most Arkham House patrons will be.

Dilys Powell, writing in *The Sunday Times*, while terming it "a superior horror film," goes on to speak of its monster, "enigmatically snuffling, dragging, clawing, squeaking, rattling and tickling in the upper storey of the old millhouse. An authentic shiver now and then." And the *Daily Mirror* comes in with "A film which chills the spine

and tingles the nerve ends — it's meant to make the heart thump faster and it succeeds."

American reaction has not yet come to hand in any quantity, but close to home, the *Milwaukee Journal's* reviewer last January found that, "Despite the shortcomings of the film, Miss Lynley does well in an otherwise drab affair," and confessed himself "a bit perplexed" as to "the grisly secret." Arkham House patrons need not expect that secret to be the same as in the Lovecraft-Derleth story of the same title. For a first-hand report from Arkham author J. Ramsey Campbell, read his essay.

† † †

CTHULHU IN CELLULOID

by J. Ramsey Campbell

Surely it's time we accepted that Hollywood is Hollywood. For too long now each Hollywood adaptation of a literary original has drawn howls of wrath from fans of the original; but why should a visual art be concerned with fidelity to prose? A film can be flawed only if it fails to make coherent sense, not because it departs from its source. And, consensus to the contrary, Hollywood has produced few such monstrous vulgarizations as *Fantasia*. Since I see cinema as creative rather than illustrative, and hold no author sacred, why am I writing on Lovecraft in cinema? Simply because I'm convinced, and prepared to demonstrate, that there's more of Lovecraft in the movies than his fans care to think.

Apart from the three Lovecraft adaptations (*The Haunted Palace*, *Die Monster Die!*, *The Shuttered Room*) there's one film which is more HPL than any, and that's Riccardo Freda's *Caltiki*. This, an Italian horror movie by an uneven but imaginative director, uses a theme familiar

to all Arkham House patrons; the shape which rises from a black underground lake "when the stars are right" — in this case, when a comet comes round again to Earth. The development, with Caltiki's victim controlled through his shrivelled arm, is less than relevant and in fact has been lifted from another movie, but Freda revitalizes his theme through images: a figure tottering across the desert through streams of clinical light; a subterranean Mayan temple whose depth and dankness sink into the auditorium; Caltiki itself, an amorphous horror more concretely alien in a single shot than any Lovecraftian descriptive paragraph. No credit given to Lovecraft, though; perhaps Freda hasn't read him.

Haunted Palace, filtered through Poe from *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*, is the most imaginative of the series proper. August Derleth tells me that Charles Beaumont's original script was superior; I can't argue, but what actually appears on the screen is arresting enough, thanks largely to Roger Corman, director of an extraordinary string of movies from the mid-fifties onward, almost all critically panned, almost all unjustly. From the opening shots of *The Haunted Palace* we are in Arkham. A deserted boat breaks at anchor; mists carpet the street; furtive faces peer; great doors grind open to admit the victims of some unseen horror. A girl is pinioned above a cellar well from which a stone lid is withdrawn; when rescued, she is unable to recall what she has seen. So far, surely a faithful translation of Lovecraft into visual terms. The subsequent burning of the witch (Joseph Curwen, of course) who owns the house of the well is a scene Lovecraft would have skated over, but no matter. The scene is set.

Decades later. Corman now resorts to a brilliant device to evoke the timelessness of Arkham: not only is Ward played by Vincent Price (this most intelligent of horror-

movie actors also incarnated Curwen) but the taciturn drinkers in the village inn have the faces we thought we'd left behind in Arkham's witch-hunting days. Charles Dexter Ward, now married, eventually reaches Curwen's house on the hill, to find it cobwebbed, dusty, infested. He pulls back a bedroom curtain to cleanse the room of darkness; the camera, moving toward the light, abruptly rushes toward Mrs. Ward and finds a figure looming at her shoulder. Daylight is no relief in Arkham.

Corman has made all his statements; the development is more his than Lovecraft's, but why not? Such an admirably personal talent in a field choked by convention should never be tied down to others' ideas. The theme of domination by domicile he has made peculiarly his, so that Ward's odd prior knowledge of the layout of the house, and especially a chilling scene in which Curwen's portrait talks to him until, suddenly, its voice emerges from Ward's lips, take on added force. The addition of sexuality to Lovecraft's sexless scenes is responsible for some of the most intense moments: Mrs. Ward's almost-rape by a man who, after all, has her husband's body, and the strangely tender scene of Curwen-Ward's resurrection of his dead mistress. Arkham still menaces meanwhile; things in the attic have to be fed. Curwen's revengeful spree in the last half-hour is a questionable motif, and in Britain the censor has been clipping. However, the final scenes pick up. The thing in the well is revealed — but not really; viewed through the well's miasma, the details we can see suggest worse unseen, a successful visual equivalent of Lovecraft's reticence. Motivations tend to fade out in the final climax, but Corman's pessimism looks ahead to Lovecraft's later tales. At the end it is Curwen, not Ward, who survives. There's no escape from Arkham.

Die Monster Die! (Monster of Terror in Britain;

pity about its originally projected title, *House at the End of the World*) is a fiasco, but not completely without interest. Mind you, it was a doomed project to begin with. If it had been given to Corman it might have gained in power, but instead it was left to Daniel Haller, his art director, who keeps running to Corman for stylistic ideas. Again, how on earth could anyone film *The Color Out of Space* when the story deals with an unknown color? Answer: they didn't try. Instead we're faced with a melange of intractable elements: the setting of "Arkham, England" (which had an almost surrealistic effect in Britain, billed as it was with *The Haunted Palace* of Arkham, New England); a radioactive meteorite for some reason housed in a cellar decorated with cabalistic symbols; a greenhouseful of writhing plants borrowed from a dozen mediocre films; worst of all, not only an insufferable hero played by unsympathetic Nick Adams, but also a heroine who may be made for Maiden-form but who could never have been produced by the Whitley household. Boris Karloff lends some stature to the film, but even he is required at one point to remark wistfully of his meteorite: "I thought it was a gift from heaven", drawing hoots of laughter from the auditorium. Nevertheless, the film contains a couple of good scenes. There's a surprisingly restrained and chilling moment in a roomful of shapes which HPL could only have termed "indescribable". Best of all, the rotting Mrs. Whitley's final rampage round the house, so skillfully edited that we never quite glimpse her full horror: here again the visualization of Lovecraft. Unfortunately, long before the end the script has flown apart; Adams pursues through the cellars the glowing handprints of the metal monster Karloff has become in a sequence hilariously reminiscent of the Beatles chasing footprints in *Help!*; the final conflagration (which ends all three movies) leaves the monsters in the greenhouse apparently

untouched. A horrid thought occurs to me: they don't intend a *sequel*?

The Shuttered Room is the first feature film of director David Greene, and promising. It's also the first true modernization of the series. Derleth's decadent Dunwichers (transported to Dunwich Island, which underlines their insularity) are paraphrased as hoodlums, analyzed in depth: oversexed yet ultimately impotent, liable to retreat when cornered into local pride and Puritanism, casually sadistic, ingrown and envious of urban life. Into this environment are plunged tolerant Gig Young and his neurotic wife (Carol Lynley, often looking like an Antonioni heroine), who is trying to confront her past. Effects: the leader of the hoodlums tries to prove himself with her; his girl-friend steals Carol's stockings from the car only to die horribly. If this all concerns an ethos rather than *The Mythos*, the element of terror is unsettling enough to shadow the intermediate sequences. Something escaped from the shuttered room in the childhood home to which Carol Lynley is now returning; in the pre-credit sequence this is shown, but imaginatively from the viewpoint of the menace, a pursuit down deliriously distorted passages by something whose form we can only imagine. The film is a series of confrontations, mainly the wife's, first with the past which is present in Dunwich, later with her sexual fears. In one of the most interesting scenes she hides from rapist Oliver Reed (as stolidly stylized as ever, regrettably) in the doll's house from which faces terrorized her childhood, then emerges to confront and shame him. This step toward maturity takes her to the shuttered room, whose tenant is revealed as her mad sister. Does this rationalize the film? Not entirely. For Flora Robson, guardian of the mill, owner of a lighthouse from which she watches with her eagle, has created evil by counterfeiting curses to keep the mill unvisited. This is the

only way we can take the ending, where Carol imitates her sister's struggles in the burning shuttered room, Flora Robson immolates herself and an eagle flies up from the ashes. Evil, once invoked, commands.

And that is that so far. However, Kirby McCauley reports that *Dark Intruder*, the new film by quirky director Harvey Hart, touches on Azathoth, which may be as electrifying as the verbal references to Cthulhu et al in *The Haunted Palace* were to me. Meanwhile, the latter film has been embraced by several critics over here, notably Philip Strick, who in a perceptive discussion of Corman's "desperate, sad, terrifying" movies finds in *The Haunted Palace* "all the symptoms of such homely contemporary preoccupations as the death-wish, dread of disfigurement (and implicitly of old age), guilt-transference and atonement, and the search for identity". For those who still remain unconvinced, think upon this: no film is ever likely to turn an audience against its literary source; on the contrary, these films have won more fans for Lovecraft. And with the current re-evaluation of Lovecraft, who's to object? (Thanks are due to Philip Strick for permission to quote from his discussion of Corman in *Films and Filming*, April 1967).

† † †

MARY'S GHOST

'Twas in the middle of the night.
to sleep young William tried;
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bedside.

O William dear! O William dear!
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares
 Would end with my last minute;
 But though I went to my long home,
 I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come,
 And made a snatch at me;
 It's very hard them kind of men
 Won't let a body be!

You thought that I was buried deep,
 Quite decent like and chary,
 But from her grave in Mary-bone,
 They've come and boned your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm
 Is took to Dr. Vyse;
 And both my legs are gone to walk
 The hospital at Guy's.

I vowed that you should have my hand,
 But fate gives us denial;
 You'll find it there, at Dr. Bell's,
 In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet
 You used to call so pretty,
 There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
 The other's in the City.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
 But Dr. Carpue can;
 As for my trunk it's all packed up
 To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
 And save me such a ride;
 I don't half like the outside place,
 They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows — I must be gone!
 My William, we must part!
 But I'll be yours in death, although
 Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
 And think that there I be;
 They haven't left an atom there
 Of my anatomie.

— Thomas Hood (1799-1845)

† † †

NIGHT

My family's away. Alone I lie
 By locks and arms protected, but dismayed
 By fears that all my sober thoughts deny;
 And why am I afraid?

The house complains with creaks and groans. The moon
 Throws misty minnows on the chiffonier,
 And, shrinking as they cool, the timbers croon.
 What is it that I fear?

There are no ghosts or goblins, fiends or ghouls,
 Or so they told me many years ago;
 And those who fear such bogies all are fools.
 What terrifies me so?

But, in the darkened corners of my mind,
 The ticking of the clock becomes a tread
 Of stealthy steps, with squeals and moans combined,
 And I am filled with dread.

The moonbeams turn to misty wraiths that weave
 A deadly dance of spirits fell at play . . .
 O God, in whom I really don't believe,
 Preserve me until day!

— L. Sprague de Camp

† † †

CLIFFORD M. EDDY. Mr. Eddy, for many years a friend of H. P. Lovecraft, died last November in Providence, Rhode Island. He was 71. Mr. Eddy had been employed in a variety of positions, ranging from proofreader at Oxford Press in Providence to theatrical booking-agent in Rhode Island, but his avocation was writing, and he wrote lyrics for songs as well as fiction. Arkham House collectors will be primarily interested in his work in the domain of the macabre. One of his tales, *The Loved Dead*, when published in *Weird Tales* in the magazine's first decade, actually caused it to be removed from the newsstands. Three of the stories with which Lovecraft was associated — *The Loved Dead*; *Deaf, Dumb and Blind*; and *The Ghost-Eater*, were published in *The Dark Brotherhood and Other Pieces*. A novelette left unpublished at the time of his death, *Black Noon*, will appear in an Arkham House anthology, *Dark Things*, in 1970.

† † †

ANTHONY BOUCHER. One of the stoutest champions of fantasy and detection in and out of fiction died at 56 late in April. Though his real name was William A. P. White, he was more widely known as Anthony Boucher. Apart from

his own writing (*The Case of the Seven of Calvary*, *The Case of the Baker Street Irregulars*, etc.), he was one of the first editors of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, and for many years edited the annual, *Best Detective Stories of the Year*, published by E. P. Dutton & Company. He wrote hundreds of radio shows, many short stories, translated books from the French, Spanish, and Portuguese, and conducted a weekly column, "Criminal at Large," for *The New York Times Book Review*, in addition to his monthly column for *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*. He was a discerning critic and, both as critic and as co-founder of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, did much to further the interests and improve the standards of fantasy in our time. He had made his home in Berkeley, where he conducted popular programs over KPFA and KQED.



BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES. The October 1967 issue of *The Hollins Critic*, published at Hollins College, Virginia, is devoted to Colin Wilson. Its principal essay, *Toward an Existential Realism: The Novels of Colin Wilson*, by R. H. W. Dillard, takes up almost the entire issue. Of Mr. Wilson's Arkham house book, *The Mind Parasites*, Mr. Dillard says that it is "the fullest picture of the new hero as he can be and an apocalyptic parable of Wilson's insight in the nature of things — a meaningful example of an imaginative and transforming art, an existential realism" — in contrast to inept reviews to be found on occasion in the book pages of professional science-fantasy magazines. . . . *The Mystery Lover's Newsletter* is a bi-monthly digest of news and articles for devotees and collectors of mystery and detective fiction published at \$2.00 a year from Box 107, Revere, Massachusetts, 02151. Mrs. Lianne Carlin is its editor. . . . By one of those gremlin-inspired flukes inexplic-

able to the editor, Raymond Roseliep's poem in our second issue was entitled *Lorenzo's Visit*; its correct title is *Lorenzo's Bride*. . . . The Clark Ashton Smith Collection — consisting of Smith's library together with some of his carvings and watercolors — has gone to the University of Nevada at Reno. . . . Among the Queen's Awards for Industry in 1968, one went to Hammer Films, producer of horror and other thriller movies. Said Christopher Lee, well-known for his portrayal of Dracula: "Why not? We provide global entertainment." . . . The Bokanalia Memorial Foundation at Box 14126, San Francisco, California 94114, has just published "*And Flights of Angels*", by Emil Petaja (\$5.00 the copy), a 152-page biography of Hannes Bok, plus ten pages of rare, unpublished photographs, and more than 50 small sketches by Bok as well as a folio of twelve full page prints. . . . The Golden Press is publishing this autumn a Clark Ashton Smith commemorative issue of *Anubis*, at \$.60 the copy from Box 323, Arlington, Virginia 22210. . . . For the devotees of the Sacred Writings, Luther Norris, 3844 Watseka Avenue, Culver City, California 90230, has just published at \$3.00 a parody-pastiche by James C. Iraldi, *The Problem of the Purple Maculas*. . . . The Los Angeles telephone directory lists Solar Pons. Luther Norris hasn't yet decided what he will say if someone calls in for a consultation. . . . *Kalki* is the official organ of the Fellowship of the Silver Stallion (the James Branch Cabell Society), edited by James Hall and James Blish. Lovers of fantasy generally will be interested. The Fellowship address is 202 Taylor Avenue, Crystal City, Missouri. A subscription to *Kalki* comes to \$2.25 per year. . . . The five young musicians who have called their group the H. P. Lovecraft (Tony Cavallari, Dave Michaels, George Edwards, Jerry McGeorge, Mike Teg-

za) "is a Chicago-originated group that has made it big," according to *The Chicago Tribune* of April 14, 1968. A second album is soon to follow their popular first. "Oh, that name," adds the *Tribune*, almost as an afterthought, "They named themselves after an eccentric horror-story writer of the 1920s and 1930s." . . . August Derleth's *Collected Poems: 1937-1967* (\$7.50) won a \$250.00 award recently as the best book of poetry published by a resident Wisconsin writer. Mr. Derleth brushes it off with the judgment that a contest among resident Wisconsin writers "isn't much of a contest." His poetry previously won the Kenneth Montgomery Midland Authors' Golden Anniversary Award. . . . The occurrence of two title pages in the Arkham House edition of Arthur Machen's novel, *The Green Round*, was not intended by Arkham House. What happened was that in spite of our supplying our printers with front matter — i. e., all pages preceding text, no one at the plant had the judgment to realize that the offset reproduction of the British text did not include the front matter in the Benn edition, which duplicated copy Arkham House supplied. Proof of offset printing is not supplied to the publisher, and proof of the front matter sent to Arkham House was but that of the copy we sent in, so that it was not until the published book reached us that we learned of the printer's inexcusable gaffe.

† † †

THE CHAIN

I slithered down the rope,
and there, too late for hope,
a man without a skin
transfixed me with his chalky grin,
spine upright against the wall,

outstretched thigh-bone, tibia splintered,
ankle-bone disjoined.

I clearly saw it all

as if the forefinger had pointed.

How many seasons had he wintered?

The only shred or rag spared to the alien
was whereupon he sat and round one shin,
but was the skeleton extinct?

I could swear one hollow socket blinked.

A spider spinning nets engaged

where reason and delight no longer raged.

Over the relics of one wrist

a gold chain fell, slipping in

and out the fragments of a crumbling fist.

His watch had fallen down and aged

among the metatarsals, all unlinked,

shale bedded with cracked crystal uppermost,

a proper monument for this lost ghost

interred before his time to die.

But whoever turned a name beyond the filmy eye,
it should not be my boast;

enough to know that when he fell

time had cracked for him as well.

How long had his flesh yearned to die?

Was he as vital, young as I?

Was there one fair maid missed him most?

His work, his books, what kind?

He must have owned adventurous mind

to scale the slippery cliff, to mock

the death wish down the crumbling rock.

I thought of Anne in her white bed,

gold honey hair around her pillowed head.

No climb to greet the sun

could entice my lovely one.

Had his love waited round the clock?

I flexed my fingers, glanced down at the chain
wanted it for greedy Anne. What might I gain?

In transport I should tell her whence it came

to watch her white flesh shudder with delight,

a gift snatched from the eerie halls of night;

a jewel blazed no shame.

and all her attitudes were light.

Under the slipping green-gold snake
dead fingers came awake;

one fragment skittered bone on bone

to burn my ankle colder than a stone.

By pure design the fatal mark was made,

the pattern had been laid;

but palmed the chain for I was jubilant,

gold gleamed to make a lady want.

Meaning to leave the ghost alone,

I took in hand the dangling rope,

found foothold in the barren slope;

sinews straining, breath by breath,

rose from the loneliness of death,

chancing one glimpse below to ask

pardon for living of that joyless mask.

His grimace caused my last mistake,

one foot-loosed pebble did the task.

For life's sweet sake

I scrabbled, clawed, but knew the end of hope.

More terrible than any nightmare dreamed

were all the revelling echoes as I screamed.

I know not how, whatever loosed the rope,

but it fell down, undone,

shale blotted out the sun.

I remembered when my tomb was dark,

roofed with a cold and starlit arc.
 One leg was flaccid and it bled
 dragging along the rough shaled bed.
 I took my place
 as he had done,
 hammering stone along the fatal mark,
 cursing what time would soon erase.
 He toppled on his face
 before I had the chain around his hand
 and so I must remain.
 O, horrors here, entombed and not yet dumb,
 but you will understand.
 I'll hold the chain
 until you come.

— Frances May

† † †

THE VAMPIRE'S TRYST

This will I do for my true love, Craig —
 sit by her grave a night,
 Weep as long as the whippoorwill,
 the dead bird's ghost that haunts the mill,
 And pitch my tent on the grassy hill,
 and sleep by the lantern's light.

This let me ask of your friendship, Craig —
 watch from your tent nearby,
 Call her name till the night gives way
 to open sunbeams of baneful day,
 That you can see her if should stray
 from the mound with an open eye.

For if she comes I will hold her tight,

seize her arms in my grasp,
 Fix my gaze on her dead cold eyes,
 listen long with a bleak surmise
 To her undead whispers, till the rise
 of the sun destroys our clasp.

And if my blood by her teeth is drained,
 then set us free of harm —
 Put the stake on her breast and mine,
 sharpened wood of the oak or pine,
 Grant us rest in the light so fine,
 with blows of a blacksmith's arm.

— Wade Wellman

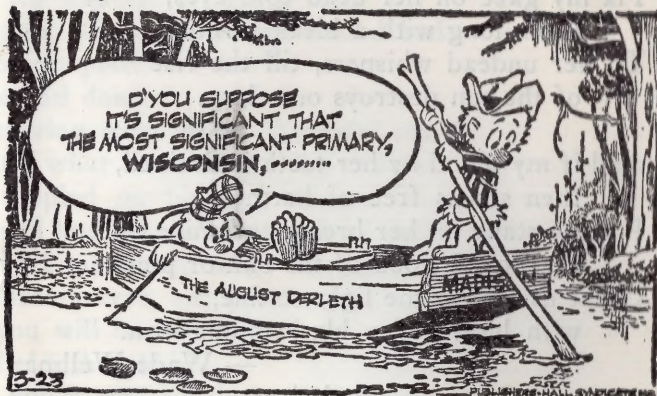
† † †

COMING BOOKS. Among books now under way for future publication and not hitherto announced are these: *The Face in the Mirror & Other Tales*, by Denys Val Baker — *The Caller of the Black*, by Brian Lumley — *Demons by Daylight*, by J. Ramsey Campbell — *Dark Things*, another anthology of entirely new macabre tales, edited by August Derleth — collections of weird poetry by Ambrose Bierce, L. Sprague de Camp, and Donald Fryer.

† † †

RENEWAL TIME. *It is now time to renew subscriptions to THE ARKHAM COLLECTOR. Bear in mind that henceforth the subscription will be fifty cents per copy. We are publishing two issues per year, and subscriptions ought not to run beyond two years at a time. No other notice of subscription renewal will appear or be sent to subscribers.*

Pogo



Arkham House's August Derleth joined the *Pogo* fleet last March 23, when his name appeared on one of Pogo's skiffs. We reproduce the strip above by permission of Publishers-Hall Syndicate of New York. As the owner of what he believes to be the world's largest collection of comics August Derleth spotted Walt Kelly's uncommon genius as a comic artist when Mr. Kelly's initial work was appearing in the comic books.